

By Margaret B. Downing in Washington Star.

The circumstances which led to Mrs. Jackson's visit to Mrs. Lester are of great interest. It is not generally known that the late Levi Z. Lester, although of republican principles and no geographical abolition with the South, always took a keen pleasure in studying all that related to the war of the rebellion. He had gathered at the time of his death one of the greatest and most valuable collections of books bearing on the subject which has ever been gotten together. Naturally he included in his collection the famous "Life of Stonewall Jackson and the American Civil War," by the late Maj. George Francis Robert Henderson, a hero of the Egyptian campaign and of many Indian wars, which was published about ten years ago by Longmans & Green. This book Mr. Lester considered one of the best ever written on Jackson's campaign, and he became interested in the author. He met Major Henderson in London, and Mrs. Henderson and Mrs. Lester became friendly. Mrs. Lester invited Mrs. Henderson to come to Washington, and often urged her to accept this offer and make a tour of the country which her distinguished husband had described so accurately from the strategic point. Last autumn Mrs. Henderson wrote Mrs. Lester that being about to visit some relatives in Canada, she would accept her oft repeated invitation to come to Washington, and that she would like to travel a little in the South, and especially to pay her respects to Mrs. Stonewall Jackson.

MRS. STONEWALL JACKSON

ties, kindness and loving care during her visit. Mrs. Jackson spoke almost with tears. All that a daughter could have done, all that a loyal southern friend could have wished, Mrs. Lester did for her distinguished guest, and with consummate tact she stood between Mrs. Jackson and those who would have entertained her far beyond her physical endurance. Just before leaving Washington for her home in Charlotte, N. C., Mrs. Jackson expressed her feelings regarding her visit and the hearty welcome she had received.

"My life has been rather uneventful of late years," she said. "So this visit would naturally stand out as something which will fill me with joy to the end of my days. But I could never have imagined it though I did think of it often on my way and during my preparations for the journey, just what this visit would mean. Seeing so many of those whose names I have kept present with the past, brought back old memories, but all memories have been sweetened by the passing of time."

my country, that this is so glorious and precious a gift of the Father of the world, that the kindness of the southerners meant to me may be well understood, and to feel that my beloved husband is embodied in their hearts and his fame rests immortal in their love and homage is one of the things which make life worth while. But equally did I appreciate the courtesy of those who have not the same reason to show me courtesy as the old Confederates, or their descendants, and I was never so warmly welcomed as during every moment of my visits to Washington, that all this loving kindness lavished on me was a tribute paid to my beloved husband, and an evidence of the veneration in which his name and memory are cherished in the hearts of all his countrymen.

respective of differing ideals.<sup>11</sup>

Those who had the great honor of meeting Mrs. Jackson found her a fragile little woman with keen, bright eyes and the alert air which characterizes those whose interest in life and its best endeavors is undimmed by sorrow or the passing years. Time seems to have passed over her lightly. Having known her worst grief when life was young, she has been enabled to take up the thread again and to weave some brightness into what was left. She delights in recalling old days, and she speaks now with the calmness which comes only from Christian resignation. She lives in her old home in Charlotte, which was for a few years the scene of some of her happiest days. She tends her flowers, visits her neighbors and takes an abiding interest in all that concerns the progress and welfare of her church, the Presbyterian. Like her illustrious husband, she is of a deeply religious trend, and she has found a healing balm for her sorrow in doing religious work. She is the daughter of a noted Presbyterian divine, Dr. R. H. Morrison, who was the first president of the Davison College, near Charlotte. Dr. Morrison gave up the heavy burden of college work and took up parish work in Lincoln county, N. C. He had ten children, all of whom lived to maturity.

Of Mrs. Jackson's five sisters, Isabella married Gen. D. H. Hill, who made a gallant record in Confederate battles; Charles married Miss P. Irwin of Charlotte; Elizabeth, Gen. Rufus Barringer, another noted southern; Sarah married Judge A. C. Avery of North Carolina, and Laura, Col. J. E. Brown of Charlotte. One of her brothers lost his life in the civil war. Her mother belonged to distinguished stock, and was Miss Mary Graham, daughter of Gen. Joseph Graham of revolutionary fame, and sister of William A. Graham, who was successful in Union States service, and served as governor for two terms, and secretary of the navy under President Fillmore.

Carefully trained along intellectual lines by her father, who lived until his ninetieth year, Mrs. Jackson has found much solace for her loneliness in writing and editing her husband's

tensely interesting and human narrative ever penned about the indomitable leader. She made no attempt to deal with military questions or to fan the flame of sectional feeling, but she relates his history, achievement and pathetic end with heart-rending accuracy. The book contains some of the best epistolary literature which the gallant leader wrote after their first separation in the exigency of the war and they prove conclusively that the bravest are the tenderest, and the loving are the true. The intimate glimpses which its pages reveal of Jackson's private life and general character give it a great historical value and will make it a book that the people of the South will read with pride and the North will shed light on the great war of the rebellion when viewed from the personality of its bravest leaders.

Not the least delightful portion of Mrs. Jackson's visit was the drives and excursions which she took with Mrs. Leiter trying to localize the present beautiful city with the small provincial town as she knew it under President Fillmore.

"I saw Washington first in 1853," she said, "and it seems impossible to believe that the old-fashioned, ill-mixed city of that date is identical with

the splendid, spacious and magnificent planned capital of today. But to two little country girls, as my sister Eugenia and I were, it was the embodiment of all the greatest city could afford. We knew nothing outside the country pleasures of my father and the rural pleasures of that time, so it seemed that we lived as in a dream. As guests of my uncle we were considered cabinet ladies and we went to all the entertainments of the time, and it was a very hospitable time. Dancing was even more prevalent then than now, but as a minister's daughter I thought it improper to do more than look on at such fetes. Mrs. Fillmore was hostess of the White House much oftener than her mother, and she delighted in entertaining companies of young people. I remember one evening in particular when a number of young girls were invited to the White House, my sister and myself and two other girls, who were guests in my uncle's house, and one played so beautifully on the harp and sang 'Auld Robin Gray.' I never enjoyed anything more keenly. We stayed in Washington for four months, or during the whole of one season, and never shall I forget those happy days. But not a trace remains of the city as I recall it, except, of course, the Capitol and the White House. Even those two historic buildings have been enlarged and changed interiorly and from the general environment, until they seem as unfamiliar as the boulevards, the great wide streets and the countless palaces and mammoth public buildings and apartment houses.

Stonewall Jackson left but one child, the infant born in late autumn of 1862, and to whom some of his most beautiful letters are written. This daughter, Julia, called for his mother, married a young newspaper correspondent of Richmond, named W. E. Christian, and left two children, a daughter, Julia Jackson, and a son, Thomas J. Jackson Christian. The daughter married Mr. Preston of Charlotte, and accompanied her grandmother on the visit to Mrs. Leiter. Mrs. Preston, who is a pure type of the southern gentlewoman, acted on several notable occasions for her grandmother with the grace of a queen.

During the latter part of Mrs. Jackson's stay in Washington her strength much overtaxed, failed her completely and she was compelled to disappoint some of her most important prospective hostesses. Miss Nannie Randolph Hess, president of the Southern Relief Society, had arranged a beautiful reception in which the flower of southern womanhood within three States, and at present living in Washington were asked to meet the widow of Stonewall Jackson. But Mrs. Jackson had been ordered to bed, and Mrs. Leiter stood guard to see that no one disobeyed the doctor's orders. But great as the disappointment was at this choice entertainment, so graciously did Mrs. Preston act as proxy that all went away in a degree satisfied.

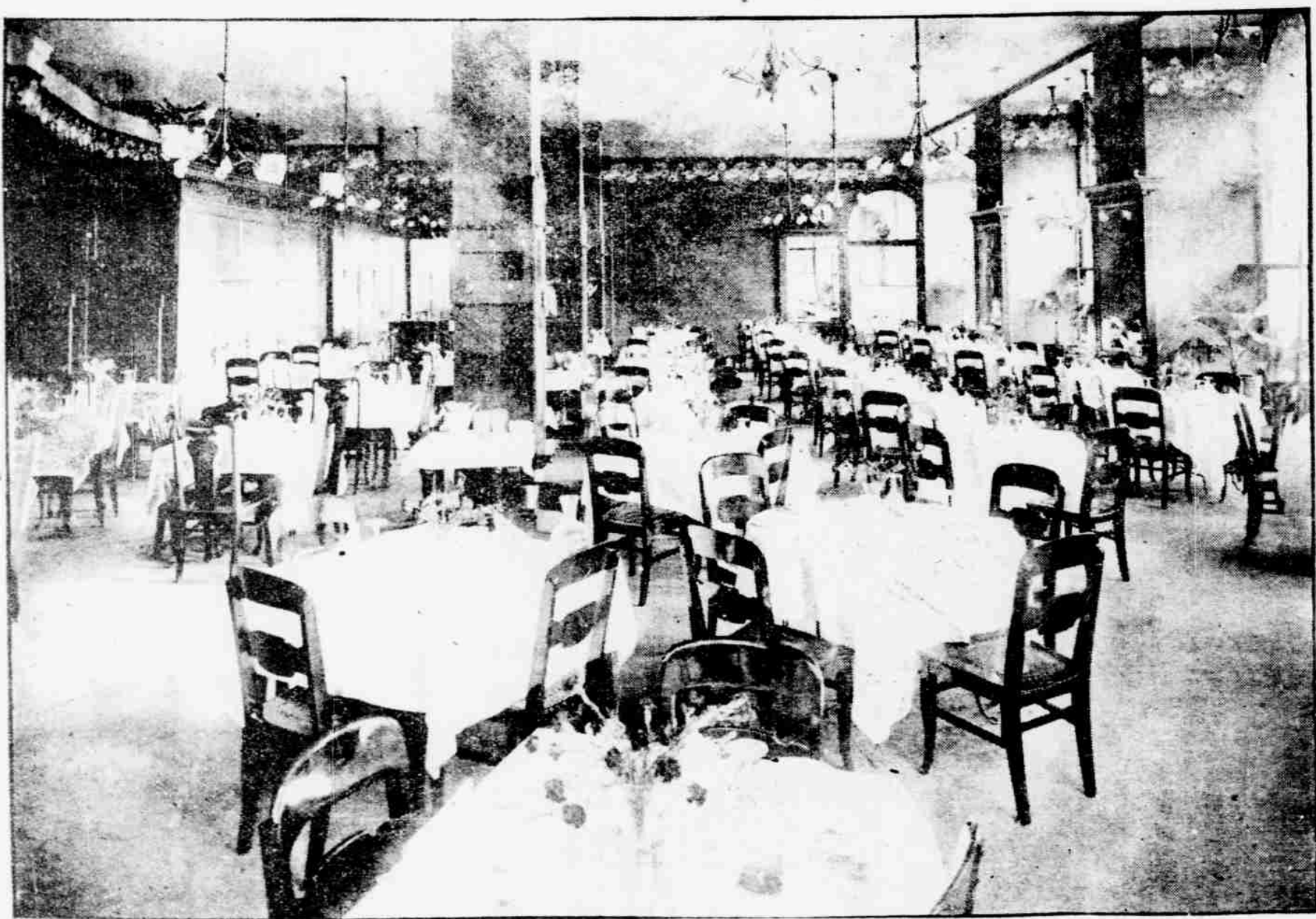
Mrs. Leiter has asked Mrs. Jackson to return next winter, if her health permits, and it is quite probable that Washington will see this dear old lady again and be permitted to show appreciation of all that her name recalls. Many of the representatives of foreign governments paid their respects to Mrs. Jackson and showed a familiarity with the gallant career of her husband which moved her profoundly.

"I learned while in Washington," she said, "that good and noble deeds are honored by the good and noble throughout the world, and it was

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